in many respects so different from those of New York journals. Then my eye fixes upon headlines that are quite American in style. They belong to an account of the murder of Polly Nichols in Whitechapel. I read the parrative interestedly, because it reveals to me not only an uncommonly brutal murder, but gives to me an insight of such low life in London as has no counterpart in the greatest city of the other

It was yesterday that I made my visit to the physician. It is to-day that I am thinking how I shall keep my business projects out of my mind, in order to get the mental quietude which, if the specialist is not mistaken, alone can save me from madness. You can lay down your hands, and say to them that they shall be idle. They will obey your will. But you cannot compel your brain to cease action, rational or otherwise, as long as you live. What shall I do as a means of distraction? The account of the mur-der of Polly Nichols still lies before me. I read it all over again. She was a vagrant of the streets of Whitechapel. In America we would have called her a tramp, from her homeless mode of life. But we have no female tramps in that country. Our unsheltered and sodden wanderers are men. The worst and poorest of our women are not like these Whitechapel pretches. I make up my mind, of a sudden, to spend the day in seeing the neighborhood of Buck's Row, where Polly was slaughtered. The Whitechapel road, along which I walk in my quest of grim diversion is, in some respects, like the Bowery, a thoroughfare which runs through the most populous and impoyerished part of New York. I find a similar rush and whiel of retail trade and a like variegation of people, but more of personated vice. The zig-zag and puzzle of small streets and intricate courts, too, are strange to a New Yorker's eyes. In wandering through them I come across exhibits of squalor and depravity such as are happily scareer in New York, and where, when they do exist, they are kept more nearly out of sight. At length I made my way to Buck's Row. The police are in possession of the place, and I am brusquely excluded; but I obtain a sight of the still blood-stained pavement where the body of Polly was found. By an exercise of Yankee in-quisitiveness and perseverance, I at length get at the policeman who discovered the remains. I put to him, in the form of questions, sections of the account that I have twice read of the crime, and get answers in monosyllables of assent or denial. The information leaves the murder a mystery. The officer in his patrol passed through Buck's Row, as he had done a quarter of an hour previously. Then he saw nothing unusual. Now he found Polly lying flat. He kicked her, and said, "Come, old girl. you can't sleep here, you know." He could not awaken her. Only the trump of Gabriel can do that, for she was dead. Her murderer had stabbed and slashed her furiously. Her front teeth were knocked out, too, and her face badly bruised. Her hands bore the marks of a desperate struggle. The accepted theory, I learn, is that Polly quarreled with some drunken man, was struck by him, and, when she fought back, was cut to death with a knife wielded by a suddenly infuriate

The hours spent in Whitechapel will surely relieve me of the mental stress of preoccupation for an equal number of days. The general scenes in that quarter of London, the phases of unlucky life, the special commotion caused by the murder, are all new and strange to an American. There is something horribly engrossing, moreover, in the extravagant violence of the deed. The homicide was such a butchery, and there was in it such an expenditure of flendish frenzy, that one feels he must contribute something toward the detection of the perpetrator. If no more had been done to Polly than to kill her, there would be nothing in the matter to make a foreigner think twice about it, but the either wanton or mysteriously-purposed mutilation makes it a terrible fascination. I am sure that I do not, at this writing, lack a subject outside of my own affairs for thought.

My mind has not been off the slaughter of Polly Nichols. I have engrossed myself completely in the case. The theories of explanation that I have read have multiplied into others of my own. I have studied the murder in every accessible detail, critically examining everything pertaining to it that could be seen or heard. No separately considered part of the crime has yielded anything definite as to who was the murderer, or why. I have spent days in Whitechapel, seeking original sources of information, but without avail. I have been able, by special favor, to see the maltreated corpse. The sight made me shiver, but conveyed nothing to my intelligence. Returning to my room after these vain detective efforts, I have viewed the case at a distance and as a whole, trying to deduce something at least credible as an expla-

To-day I take up a London paper, and see that Annie Chapman has been murdered in much the contesan, to, and she has also become a disseciad corpse. I read how she had not the four pence, last night, with which to pay for a bed in a miserable lodging-house; how she went into the street to get a pittance by customary degradation, and how she was found, early this morning, dead, like the other woman. The similarity of the crime strikes me strangely. As I glance along the account, the new murder seems so exactly a counterpart of the other that I instinctively look at the date of the journal to see if I have not picked up a back number by mistake. No, this a duplication of the other crime. I peruse the matter rapidly, but carefully. As my eyes go from word to word, and sentence to sentence, comprehension seems to keep ahead of perusal. Are the facts so precisely repetitious that the second parrative is substantially a fresh version of the first? That does not prove so on reading again. The generalities of the dreadful deeds are the same, but the particulars are not. The sensation is peculiar, like that which most persons have experienced when, upon seing or hearing something, they feel as though they have seen or heard precisely that thing before. Scientific men have explained these mental phenomens, I believe, by teiling that they are kind of reflex action of the mind. The mental comprehension is quicker than our consciousness of it. The right of sound reaches the brain sooner than we physically know it by means of eyes or ears-like a flash of lightning and its more slowly arriving peal of thunder. That may be the right theory or not. Less rationalistic is the belief that the souls of men sometimes leave their bodies during sleep, and go with their thoughts to distant places, to return with knowledge that fades to the slightest imaginable impression when they awake. Did my mental being go to sleep walking in Whitechapel last night, and witness the killing of Annie Chapman! Ridiculous! I have had this vague sense of prior experience before. It is a sensationary freak that is not uncommon to persons in good health, and why should I be elarmed by it, unless I accept it as a sign of progress toward that aberration of intellect which the diagnosis by the physician pointed out as a possibility. That view of it startles me, and I consider the matter as carefully as I calmly cas. I cannot persuade myself that my mind was quite normal while reading the newspaper report of the Annie Chapman case. I am sure that my cognizance of the printed lines outran my perusal, if only for the space of an eye's glance. This was certainly a more acute manifestation of reflex mentality-if that is the clearest phrase to use—than I had ever known to happen in myself. Is this proof that I am in an unduly impressionable state! That my train is already diseased? That I am well along in the period of unhealthy volatility which pre-

more inexplicable than any of the tricks of the What am I to do? Nothing, as nearly as posalble. That was the physician's advice. I cannot take off my head, put it safely away from consciousness, and so let it lie oblivious until rested. I must carry it around affixed to the top of my spinal column, connected with every nerve in my organization, aware of everything that goes on around me, and thoughtful all the time. It is only in this last respect that it can he controlled. I can fix my mind on something else than affairs of selfish consequence, and thus displace worry by a less exhausting kind of thinking. I will pay attention to the Whitechapel murders.

cedes the insanity of paresis! I have read some

of the literature of that malady, since my in-

terview with the expert alienist, and have

therefrom learned that an exceeding delicacy of

psychological activity is apt to precede the first

stages of imbecility. Instances are on record

wherein the victims became clairvovant, seem-

ingly, and performed wonders of second-sight

I have witnessed four murders in Whitehapel. The assertion is here set down solemnly, and for the present secretly, although I hope to soon make a sure and safe disclosure. I could not expect, under the circumstances, to convince the authorities or the public of a truth which has but slowly commanded my own credence. The revelation came to me dimly in the case of Annie Chapman, and has become clearer and clearer until to-day, the 2d of October, I write the declaration positively that I have seen four of the Whitechapel tragedies. My knowledge, so marvelously acquired, enables me to say that the murders of Smma Elizabeth Smith, in April, and Martha Tabram, in August, do not belong to the series hat have become shudderingly famous. They ners doubtless homicides by separate men. The atchery of Polly Nichols was the real origin of subsequent ones about which I know. The at conviction of the murder of Annie Chapan was already in my mind, like a shadow of nory, as I have already described, the inat that I saw the published account. I was izled by it, and I attributed it to my peculiar atal condition; but for awhile it was not foled by any intellectual disturbance, and I beto believe that all danger to my sanity had

the scant evidence left for detective work in the Nichois and Chapman cases, not because I anticipated successful results, but in order to occupy myself with a subject which should not tax me overmuch. I am now aware that I made a mistake. I was more deeply absorbed than I imagined. What I regarded as a pastime became a fascination, and I fatigued my body with investigation. while I overwrought my brain with theorizing. Possessing myself by individual effort with all the facts that could be obtained by patient ener-

gy, and then placing them under minute consideration, I worked harder than I had done in those New York occupations from which I had fled for respite. The murder at Gateshead, in the north of England, with its peculiar mutilation of the body, has convinced the police that the hand of the Whitechapel fiend wielded the knife there. That may or may not be the fact. I did not make a journey of investigation, and I had no second sight of it. It was not until Sept. 26, several days after the Gateshead happening. that anything singular happened to me. On awakening in the morning, I recalled a dream, in which I seemed to have found myself in a place that was entirely strange. I am now aware that it was the site of the projected Metropolitan Opera-house. The vision was lurid enough for reality, which

I now know it to have been, but it was left to me fragmentarily. What I retained when awake was like a series of instantaneous views, taken with winks of the eyes instead of the flashes of the camera, but separately clear and distinct. They represented a woman of the pave skulking into the dark shadows of the abandoned foundations of the opera house. She was a slatternly Lot, and her vagrant personality was sharply impressed upon me. She had a man for a companion, but he was indistinct, as though out of the focus in which she was centered. There was mandlin endearment by the woman, for she seemed drunk, and she clung to her companion for support as much as for rough caress. Suddenly a knife was reached into the space covered clearly by my lens of sight, and it was held by the hand of the shadowy man, which extended out of gloom like the materialized member of a ghost in a spiritualistic seauce. The weapon was struck straight into the heart of the woman, and her fall had barely brought her to the ground before the man set about his awful mutilation. The doing was in the light, and I saw it distinctly, but the doer was in the dark, so that his deed was stamped upon my mind, while his identity made no impress. I had never dreamt so startlingly. It was almost a surprise to me that I did not find in that day's journals an account of an assassination like that of my dream, which thereupon, I pronounced an imaginary experience of

The murders of Elizabeth Stride and Catha-

rine Eddowes, both in the first hour of Sunday morning, Sept. 30, brought a well-nigh paralyzing shock, which at first made me believe that I had reached the threatened dementia; but a visit to the physician and a demand of him to seek carefully for signs of hallucination, assured me that I was not yet a maniac. He was surprised by my questions, and I did not hint to him my reason for making them. That can here be told I awoke that morning quivering in mind and body with a second dream, in which I had seen one woman's throat cut in Berners street, and another butchered with dreadful elaboration in Mitre square. In my frequent visits to Whitechapel I had seen these places, and so they were not new to me in my dream, as the Thames Embankment had been. Again my vision was astoundingly distinct as to the women, and what was done to them, but no more than in the previous instance did I get other than a vague view of the perpetrator of the deeds. Regarding it all as a nightmare, wrought by my excited imagination, and caused by what I now regarded as too close application to my amateur detective whim. I resolved to ease myself of concern in the Whitechapel murders. I fell asleep again, and did not reawaken until nearly noon. Then I had a breakfast in my room, and was almost through with it when there were cries of newsboys in the street below. "Another Whitechapel Hor-ror," they shouted. I got a paper, and there read accounts of the two murders exactly as I had dreamed them. I was amazed and stunned. As soon as I recovered a degree of self-possession, I made the call on the doctor, after which I tried to convince myself that the whole matter of the nightmare was fanciful—that the reading of the newspaper suggested it to a mind diseased, and that the printed parrative was really what first brought the facts to me. Indicative as this was of mental unsoundness, it was less revolting than the idea of supernaturalness.

But the demonstration that has irrefutably come to-day makes me out a clairvoyant witness of the Whitechapel murders. My visit to the physician was surely a tangiole occurrence. It is equally certain that the cause of my resorting to him was my supposed dreams, one of which had not been realized. But here in print is disclosed the discovery of a woman's remains on the site of the Metropolitan Opera-house, a place which I knew nothing about, but which in the description agrees exactly with my vision. The position in which the body lay when found, and its wanton disfigurement, were precisely as I had seen them in my eleep. It must be that my discornment was there when the tragedy happened, although I lay here abed three miles

What shall I do with this knowledge? If I go with it to the authorities I will be deemed a lunatic, or else suspected of complicity in the crimes.

I am the Whitechapel murderer. The woeful character of my confession should carry conviction of its truth. But I have a mind diseased, and, therefore, must prove that I am not an imaginary aseassin. Let me go on, then, as calmiy as I can, with my self-condemnation. In already excluding from the series of Whitechapel crimes the islolated homicides of April and August I was right. As to the murderous dissection of Polly Nichols, that was the single deed of an undiscovered man, so far as I can tell. But the appalling use of the knife on Annie Chapman, Elizabeth Stride, Catharine Eddowes, and the unidentified woman at the Thames Embankment, was my work. The evidence against me in those cases is circumstantial, I admit, but it is not so in the instance of Mary Jane Kelly. who was killed in Martin's court, on the night

You will doubt and marvel as you read, but you will will be finally convinced. Would to God you could find reason to acquit me, but that

Another dream. An awakening before it was all over leaves it more clearly in my memory than its predecessors. I witnessed the encounter of Mary Jane Kelly and a man in a Whitechapel thoroughfare. The time was about 2 o'clock at night, but the street was still peopled, and everybody was in my view clearly, except Mary's companion. I seemed to recall my previous failure to discern the face of the assassin. and to endeavor this time to desery his face; but, although his form was palpable, his head was invisible. My sight followed the pair as they went together to the court, and into the woman's poor room, and it remained with them during two hours. It was all pantomime. I saw her lips move in speech and laughter, for they caroused over a bottle of gin, but not a sound did I hear. My vision was restricted to my eyes, seemingly, and was not accompanied by anything auricu-

Conscious of a desire to see the man's face. strained my eyes for it, but his countenance was the one blank spot in the picture. I was expectant of the climax of that miserable, mocking revelry. I knew that the poor creature was to be stain by her flendish visitor. "Could I but look into his face," I thought, "or follow him clairvoyantly after the deed, what a triumph for justice would be mine." My detestation of his purpose, and my dread of witnessing the stabbing, were as real as life. But the astral illummation would not fall upon his features, brightly as it revealed everything else in the room. The covert preparations of the murderer to strike the mortal blow were dimly revealed to me, and I vaguely saw bim drawing a knife stealthily from his pocket. The pair were on the low. rickety bed that formed a part of the scant furniture. The woman was unsuspicious. She did not detect his design, and probably was never conscious of its execution, for her heart was pierced by the first stab, and she died with a few convulsive struggles. Then the dissection characteristic of these crimes was begun. I gazed in terror and revolt at the sanguinary work. The hands and forearms of the infamous operator were in plain view. Looking at them keenly, with an intention of finding marks of

possible identification, I saw that there was a ring on one of the fingers. It had an amethyst set in peculiar fashion. I recognized it instant-As by a stroke from an electric battery I was awakened. I was not abed in my room, but was there in Mary Jane Kelley's apartment,

with a red, dripping knile in my hand, and my own atrocity lying hideously before me. I had found the Whitechapel murderer! There was no guilt in my deeds. They were not committed by my own volition. Too intense study of the murder of Polly Nichols, at a time when my mind was in an abnormal condition, produced hypnotism. I have reasoned that out easily enough since my discovery. Just how I perpetrated the murders I cannot confess, because I know no more about them than I have here written. They occurred when I was in a curious state of somnambulism and lunaev. My actions were imitative, evidently, of what I had conceived as the manner of the assassination of Polly Nichols. It is through no fear of earthly punishment that I try to make out this defence of irresponsibility, for I shall be beyond the reach of human justice before this writing be-

What I did immediately after my arousal to normal consciousness was to escape from Martin's court, return to my hotel, and take my dedaway. I devoted myself assiduously to parture from London.

BEADING FOR THE SABBATH.



CHARLES WESLEY.

The present year, which marks the onehundredth anniversary of the death of Charles Wesley, has been thought appropriate for a celebration throughout the world. A committee having the matter in charge has corresponded with ministers and prominent laymen all over this country and England. It is proposed in all large cities to hold one central meeting on Sunday, Dec. 9. Every minister is requested to make the occasion the subject of his sermon on that day, and to hold a memorial praise service in honor of Charles Wesley.

The author of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was the younger brother of John Wesley, and was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, Eugland, on Dec. 18, 1708. He was a graduate of Christchurch, the University of Oxford, and a priest of the Church of England. While at Oxford he was one of the earnest young men known as "Methodists." He lived in Georgia during several years of his ministry, and acted as secretary to the Governor of that colony. Not long after his return to England he associated himself with his brother in what is known as the Methodist movement, the object of which was, in the words of John Wesley, "to spread scriptural haliness throughout the land." His services in the work were of extraordinary value. He was an eloquent preacher and the greatest of hymn writers. The composition of sacred verse was his daily habit. He carried with him everywhere a supply of writing paper, on which he wrote his effusions in short-hand, preserving this "rough draft" for future treatment in his study. Of the many thousands of hymns composed by Charles Wesley, a large number are of consummate merit, and are sung throughout the English-speaking world and in translation everywhere where Christianty is taught. They touch the heart while they indoctrinate the mind. As the emanations of a man whose life was a single expression of glowing piety and charity, they communicate the spirit of their author. A proud skepticism melts into adoration under the power of the verses beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul," perhaps the hymn most used of all in the English language. Charles Wesley was of a cheerful and lively disposition, of quick sensibilities, witty and funloving, with a releat for ridicule which his severe principles could not always restrain. He was a high churchman throughout his life, and deprecated with energy the threatened separation of Methodism from the parent church. As a matter of course, he opposed his brother's plan of starting what is known as the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. There were times when the relations of the brothers were strained by differences of judgment. The "church" principles of John Wesley were violated under the stress of expediency, and he was inconsistent in his policy as the head of the Methodist societies. Whether wrong or right, on the other hand Charles Wesley never departed in his views from the strict courcimanship in which he was trained; but it may be questioned whether his practice always corresponded with his theory. His ministrations at City Road Chapel, London, for example, where he maintained rigidly the view that ouly an Episcopally ordained clergyman ought to have any part in the service of the Lord's support, were irregular in the eyes of many churchn ten theoretically not more strict in their churchn tanship than he. The happy toil of Charles Wesle vended in London, in 1788. He was a great man; though inferior to his brother in mental ca pacity, attainments, statesmanship and the ability of the leader, he surpassed him as an orator and a poet. The two men together, as the head of a movement which was the leading feature of history in the eighteenth century, rank high in the list of the world's great men. Charles is increasingly pre-eminent as a writer of hymnis. The revival in the Church of England of from forty to

fifty years ago stimulated the use of the Wesleyan poetry in worship and private devotion. Written for the Sunday Journal.

True Tressure. I am so tired, so tired to-night, The busy day was full of care; The task begun with fingers light

Is done; that task was duty's share; But this, the hour for solemn thought This day's weakness or strength to prove, Is come, and I am here with naught But weakness to repay Thy love.

With empty hands that through the hours Have striven with faithful work to pray For greater strength, for nobler powers, Something that would not pass away; Something to grasp that I can hold, That in dark hours will never change; A source of strength my life may fold

Within itself, nor years estrange. Nothing bring I this night to Thee, So tired the empty hands I raise; Scarce can I lift mine eves to see If Thou art near; yet, as I gaze, I catch the shining of Thy face! Father! Wert Thou indeed beside

With me to-day in every place,

And I have turned away from Thee! . Have sought what could no blessing prove; From Thee apart no good can be. Eternal life, eternal love! O strength, all earthly strength above. O hope, so priceless pure and free! Strong in the thought of Thy great love My soul rests satisfied in Thee.

My faltering, faithless steps to guide!

-F. M. Chapin. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind. Sunday-School Lesson for Dec. 2, 1883. ISRAEL UNDER THE JUDGES-Judges ii. 11-23. Golden Text-Take heed, brethren, lest there be in

any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.—Heb. iii, 12. SIDE-LIGHTS FOR HOME READINGS. Monday-Judges ii, 6-23. Israel under Judges. Tuesday-Lev. xxvi, 14-26. Disobedience punished Wednesday-1 Kings xviii, 17-40. Priests of Baal. Thursday-Isa. xl, 18-31. Folly of idelatry. Friday-Isa. i, 16-31. Repentance required. Saturday-Judges iii, 1-31. Deliverers seut.

Sunday-Rom. v, 6-21. The great Deliverer. Human nature was the same in the days of Joshua and the Judges as it is to day. Men would backslide and lose their religious zeal as they do now, and for very much the same reasons. The most solemn promises were made only to be broken or imperfectly kept, and the people of Israel were a constant trial to the Lord. There were scattered through all the tribes many families that were persistently faithful and steadily true to God, and whenever there was any call from their leaders, their zeal for Jehovah was quickly kindled to a flame. They lived in patriarchal simplicity. and the family was the central idea of government, there being at this time no political constitution given by Jehovah. There was no judiciary, no government to support by taxation, and the tithes they paid into the sanctuary were given as an offset to the land that had been given them by the Lord, and was really a sort of yearly interest paid to Jehovah. It is very difficult for us at this time to understand the fearful power of the sensuous worship of Baal on the Hebrew people. Their own service was so simple that they were powerfully drawn by the attractive nature-worship of the Canaanites. We must condemn them while we pity them. They were constantly falling into idolatry. They had adopted from the start the language of the Canaanites, they had married into their families, and they easily fell into their sins. Then came calamitles that led them to penitence. God always had some sofetim, or "liberator," as the word means, instead of judges, as we have translated it. These were brave, warlike men, who went quickly to the place of difficulty and won victories, and then generally returned to private life. The period covered by the Judges from Joshus to

Samuel was over 400 years (the authorities diftering materially as to the number of years). and brings us down to Saul, the first King of Israel. It was during the early years of the Judges that the events of this lesson happened, though the general picture answers for the whole period.

POINTS FOR PREVIOUS STUDY. 1. What do we know about Basl and Basl worship? 2. What do we know about Ashtaroth! 3. Who were the judges and what their special work? 4. Does the Lord's repentance imply any weakness in his character and nature? 5. How did the Canaanites prove Israel? APPLICATION.

Men may depart from the living God in the name of religion under the banner of "new and liberal ideas." The punishment may be less severe now than then, but none the less real.

The lesson forcibly illustrates the evil forces that remain in the heart after conversion, and the sore trouble they cause the believer; but it is also evident that this is not God's will, even while the believer suffers. The fault is in man, and not in God.

Personal and News Notes. There are four Mothodist churches in Berlin. A Deaconesses' Home will be established in New York city. The United Brethren in Christ report their

mission receipts the past year as \$66,238.16, and their expenditures \$65,904.43. Miss Mary L Moreland has been called to preach regularly in the Methodist Episcopal Church of Eldina, Lee county, Illinois. The Africo-American Presbyterian of North

Carolina, speaking for the colored Presby-

terians on the Atlantic coast, declares that they are "entirely opposed to an independent African Presbyterian Church." Golored women in New York city have organized "The Woman's Charity and Industrial Club for the help of their sisters, and have

leased a four-story house as a "Home for Friendless Colored Girls." One hundred years ago the Presbyterian Church consisted of 178 ministers and 18,000 communicants. The last minutes show that there are now 5,654 ministers, 6,436 churches

and 696,757 communicants. Rev. Dr. Talmage says that General Harrison has daily ramily prayers at his home, and that few laymen can deliver more devout or impressive prayer in household worship than he does. He will maintain the same habit at the White

The various Protestant missionary organizations at work fo India have 249 missionaries, 317 native preacthers and \$3.819 native communicants. This is an increase of 67 missionaries, 76 native preachers and 23,748 native communi-

The Stewart en lowment of \$15,000 a year has proved inadequate to running the Episcopal Cathedral in Garden City, L. I., and a debt of \$26,000 gradually accumulated. Judge Hilton was appealed to, and he promptly sent his check for the amount.

A missionary writing from Persia says: In America men seem to say religion is for women; men do not need it. But here religion is for men and women do not need it. And yet these Armenian women are better off than their Turkish, Koordish and Jewish sisters.

Three of the best known American evangelists are now engaged in their special work on the other side of the ocean-Dr. Pentecost in Dublin, after labor in some of the hardest towns of Scotland; Major Whittle in Belfast, and Mr. Needham in Manchester, England.

A canvasser of the Evangelical Alliance found one church in a certain city whost membership embraced but a single wage-earner, and that one the pastor. There were numerous employes and capitalists, but no one working for a salary or wages. The Congregationalist truly says that such a church comes very near being a fashionable religious club.

The Huguenots are stirring into unwented ac tivity in France. There are over 600 stations where the Huguenots are carrying on evangelical work, and one of their leading workers said recently, at a service held in the American Chapel in Paris, that the Huguenots could not be crushed out, but would live and work on until France was spiritually free, if it required another St. Bartholomew.

The Moravians not only give more men and money to the missionary cause than any other body of Christians, in proportion to their numbers, but they show absolute fearlessness and indifference to hardship in their selection of mission ground. Of their sixteen missions, one is in Greenland, one on the Mosquito coast, a third among the Himalayas, and a fourth among | after he arrived, and that no communication of the Esquimau in Alaska.

The Presbyterian thinks that the reason why there are so many unemployed Presbyterian or Congregational ministers is the fact that neither denomination has any authorized agency for bringing together unsettled pastors and vacant churches. The Congregationalist adds that another reason often is that the unsettled pastors and the vacant churches are so reluctant to accept each other when they have been made acquainted.

The Catholic News stands alone among the Catholic papers in opposing the proposition for an American Catholic congress. It says: "A meeting of mer who could voice the sentiments in the reasons of ered for this congress would result in much intemperate language, in many foolish resolutions, and would not only hamper closer unity among the various races, but would also be destructive of political and social harmony with our separated brethren.

Golden Thoughts. Pray to God, but row to shore.

God is bosomed in every event that comes. Not that he originates, but permits what trans-

I always find that there is more bazard in sailing upon smooth water. When the winds blow and the seas rage, even the sleepers will rise and call upon God .- John Wesley.

For every trial God sends, he gives sufficient grace for its endurance; but he promises no grace to bear anticipations with, and we little know how very large a portion of our mental suffering arises from anticipations of trial Rev. Luther Lee says: "Sauctification is that renewal of our fallen nature by the Holy Ghost. received through faith in Jesus Christ, whose

blood of atonement has power to cleanse from all sin; whereby we are not only delivered from the guilt of sin, which is justification, but are washed entirely from its pollution, freed from its power, and are enabled, through grace, to love God with all our hearts, and to walk in his holy commandments blameless." Better a death when work is done than earth's most

favored birth. Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth. -G. Mc Donald.

God blesses still the generous thought And still the fitting word He speeds, And Truth at his requiring taught, He quickens into deeds. -W hittier.

"A compacuplace life," we say and we sigh; But why should we sigh as we say? The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky Makes un the commonplace day: The moon and the stars are commonplace things. And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings; But dark were the world, and sad our lot. If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not; And God, who studies each separate soul, Out of commorplace lives makes his beautiful whole.

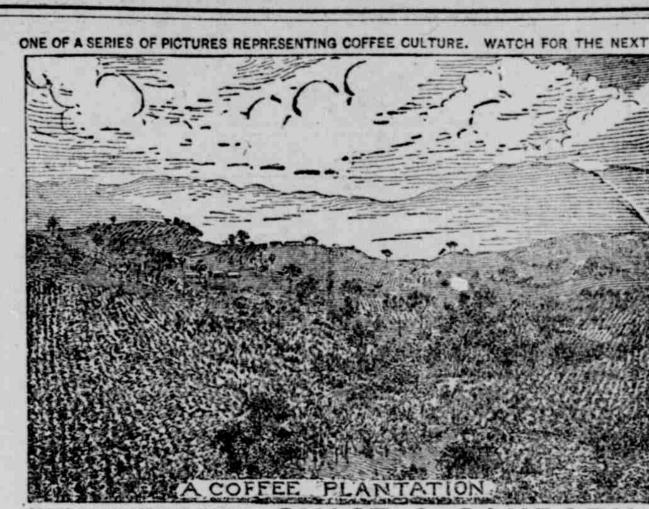
-Susan Coolidge. The Mongol's Feast of Lanterns. San Francisco Chronicle.

For weeks past the Chinese have been making elaborate preparations for the celebration of the Feast of Lanterne, as it is called. The festival lasts for five day v. is held every three years. and is observed usually at the time of the first full moon of the Chinese year. Although in the Celestial Kingdom the festival is held under the broad canopy of heaven, here, where Jupiter Pluvius is apt to interfere, the festival is held within doors. The Kong Chow Asylum, at 512 Pine street, is where the festival is now being held in this city, and beither pains nor expense have been stinted to make the building a fitting illustration of Oriental splendor. The entrance is by a court which his been covered with a glass and iron roof. Along each side of the court rich carvings, heavy draperies and embroidered work are hung. A number of miniature theaters are arranged along each side of the passage, the diminutive actors being moved marionette-like by machinery. The joss-house at the end of the court is a sort of holy of holies and is a perfect blaze of light. Here musicians keep up a continuous and bideous din, while priests arrayed in rich robes kneel on mats and chant prayers before an altar kiden with Chinese fruits and other delicacies. The visitors display an unusual amount of joy, laughing loudly and moving hither and thither with unwonted rapidity. No entrance fee is charged, and all the expenses are defrayed by the Kong Chow Society.

A Redceming Trait.

which numbers thousands of contributing mem-

"There's one thing I like about that child of yours, Kidby," said Mr. Madison Squeer to Mr. Kidby Nupop, after he had listened patiently to the latest anecdote of the infant phenomenon. "What's that?" queried the pleased rarent, with a glow of happy expectation on his features; What is it you like about him!" "He sin't a twin."



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ABOUT MR. LANGTRY.

He Was In New York Lately, and Will Oppose a Divorce Suit. New York Tribune.

Frequenters of the Ashland House during the past three weeks have been aware of the presence among them of a tall, grave gentleman of English aspect, who landed in New York from the City of Chester, Nov. 3, and registered at the hotel as C. Leshe. Visitors, bar loungers, chambermaids, waiters, in fact, everybody about the hotel except Mr. Brockway, the proprietor, and one or two others, would have been on him. Your correspondent saw the "baby" surprised to hear that C. Leslie, who spoke to | puffing away at a pipe in front of his father's scarcely any one and seemed so strangely anxious to avoid attention, was none other than dward Langtry, once known to fashionable London society as "Mrs. Langtry's husband," and now alternately pitied and derided as the deserted spouse of the world-famous "Lily."

Mr. Langtry, who came here with C. J. Clarke and a party of friends, has returned to England on the City of New York, which sailed early on Wednesday. The name of Leslie was adopted as a cloak wherewith to shield Mr. Langtry from the attack of the army of reporters which would probably have swooped down upon the botel directly it was known that he was in the city. It has been asserted that Mrs. Langtry had taken up her residence in Newport, in order to qualify for divorce proceedings against Mr. Langtry, and amongst the small circle of friends who were aware of Mr. Langtry's arrival in the country the impression prevailed that his present visit was inspired by a determination to prevent any action of the kind. Mr. Clarke, who was last night seen at the Ashland House by a Tribune reporter, does not share this be-

He said: "Mr. Langtry's visit had nothing whatever to do with his wife's rumored action for divorce. I am in a position positively to assert that his coming here was altogether unpremeditated, and was in part suggested by me. have known Mr. Langtry for three years. We met in Belfast a few weeks ago. When he heard that I was coming to New York he and the friends with him decided to accompany me. He did not go about much while here, except to some of the theaters with myself and others, and was scarcely ever out of bed after midnight. Few of his former acquaintances knew that he

was in the city." "Did he expect to be served with divorce papersi" asked the reporter. "I do not know anything about that," replied Mr. Clarke. "What I do know is that Mrs. Langtry was aware of his presence here the day the kind referred to ever took place between

"Are you aware of the report that Mr. Langtry would be likely, for a consideration, to agree to a divorce?

"Mr. Langtry is a high-mided gentleman," returned Mr. Clarke, warmly, "and will be a party to no such agreement. If Mrs. Langtry brings her suit her husband will defend his character to the last. He will not drag his name through the divorce court by any initiatory action on his part; neither will he permit her to do so. As to the report, so often and positively repeated, that Mr. Langtry has been in receipt of an income from his wife's earnings, it is absurd. Although he has spent the greater part of his large fortune on her, he has still enough left to maintain himself handsomely, and has never received a cent from her.' "Can you say whether Mr. Langtry was at

any time in communication with his wife's lawyers before leaving England?"
"Not positively," said Mr. Clarke, "but in conversation I have understood him to say that certain propositions were made at one time by Mrs. Langtry's lawyers to his representatives in England. To those propositions Mr. Langtry said he was unable to concede. One thing more I have to explain. Mr. Langtry first registered at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, but I suggested the Ashland House as a quiet hotel where he would be safe from the newspaper men. He left rather suddenly, and I did not know that he was going until a few hours before he went on board. He is booked State-room 21, Section E, and I bade him good-bye in the small hours of yesterday

morning." Bread Made from Turnips.

Good Hausekeeping. There was a dearth of wheat in England in 1629, 1630 and 1693, and in those years bread was made of turnips. They were boiled until they were soft enough to mash, when the greater part of the water was pressed out of them. An equal weight of wheat meal was then mixed with the pulp and the dough was made in the usual manner with yeast. The dough rose well in the trough, and, after being kneaded, was formed into loaves and put in the oven. Bread prepared in this manner has a peculiar sweetish taste, which is said to be not disagreeable; it is as light and white as wheaten bread, and should be kept about twelve hours before being cut, when the smell and taste of the turnip will scarcely be perceptible.

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Springs of Carlsbad, better than any of the so-called blood purifying reme-The cashier of M. Guggenheim's Sons, 96 and 98 Franklin Street, one of the largest import houses in

the United States, writes under date of June 30,

1888, as follows:

For years I have suffered from abscesses which a ways formed on the back of my neck, and had to be cut from time to time to obtain relief. I used all sorts of blood purifiers, but without avail. The abscesses would always reappear. I suffered very much pain until my physician advised me to use the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form). I used this for about four weeks, and since that time I have been entirely free from the disease. My complexion cleared, and I have enjoyed good health ever since. I cannot speak too highly of this really valuable remedy, and have recommended it to all my friends, who also speak of its wonderful

I. MEYERS.

Ninth International Medical Congress, speaks of the genuine imported Carlsbad Sprudel Sait (powder My experience with the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt Powder in constipation, diseases of the stormeh, liver and kidneys, diabetes, gout, rheumatism, etc., has been such that I may truly say, that no remedy which I have ever used has given me so much pleasure and profit as this particular one.

Dr. Lustig, in his book on the action of Carlsbad

Dr. A. L. A. Toboldt, in a paper read before the

effects as a laxative. Yours very respectfully,

Water, says: I may here state that in chronic abdominal allments, constipation, gastrio catarrh, dyspepsia, diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, diabetes, gout and rheumatism, we know of no more efficacious, rational or simpler remedy than the Carlsbad Mineral Water and the Carlsbad Sprudel Salt. A person can at any time of the year, without the least interruption to business, and with very little cost, not only remove any of the above ailments but also prevent their further developement by the use of this remedy. The genuine Carlstad Sprudel Salt Powder is put up in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a paper cartoon and has the seal of the city of Carlsbad, and the signature of Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, around the neck of every bottle. All others are worthless imitations. Pamphlets and Dr. Toboldt's lecture mailed free upon application, Eisner & Mendelson Co., 6 Barclay Street, New York, Sole A Baby Smoker.

Memphis Avalanche. Winchester probably possesses the youngest smoker in the State, if not in the whole country, writes a correspondent of the Chattanooga News, His name is Wallace Lochridge, and he is one year and ten months old. He will smoke a pipe or a cigar with as much ease and apparent comfort as a confirmed smoker of adult years. He craves tobacce, and indulgence in the weed never makes him sick. Young Wallace has smoked ever since he was a year old, his father says, and the habit is evidently growing livery stable this morning, and the little fellow seemed to relish the narcotic immensely and greatly enjoy the great wreaths of smoke issuing from his tiny lips. He seems to have a natural appetite for tobacco, and cries if deprived of a smoke. He is an unusually bright and intelligent child, is fine looking, stout and robust, and is assuredly a wonder. A crowd collected in front of his father's office to-day attracted by the little one puffing away delightfully at an old and nicotine-soaked pipe, and much surprise and wonder were evinced at the infant's singular performance.

Unchanged and Unchanging. New York Tribune.

The leading Democratic journal of New Hampshire describes General Sherman as "a shattered old imbecile" and a "spattered old wreck." Copperhead venom retains its characteristic qualities and is unaffected by the lapse of time.



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Richmond and Columbus ... 9:50am 4:00pm

Arrive from N.Y. & Pitsbg.11:40am 7:50pm 10:20pm

Columb's, Richm'd, etc. 9:40am 3:50pm

Sleepers to Pittsburg and New York without change.

CHICAGO DIVISION. eave for Chicago and North west 11:15am Arrive from Chicago and Northwest. 3:25am 3:50pm Leave for Louisville and the South...... 4:05am 8:30am 4:00pm 5:10pm and the South...... 10.45am 11:10am 6:40pm 11:00pm

Vincennes Accommodation, Leave, 4:00pm Vincennes Accommodation, Arrive 10:50a m Airo Express. Arrive. 5:00pm TANDALIA LINE-SHORTEST ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST.

Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows: Leave for St. Louis.7:30am 11:55am 11:00pm 8:00pm Steeping, Parlor and recling-chair cars are run on through trains. For rates and information apply to ticket agents of the company or H. E. DERING, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

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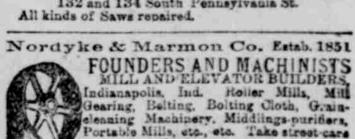
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